

# Zion's Herald.

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## Zion's Herald.

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### THE OUTLOOK.

Local government for Scotland was proposed to Parliament by the Salisbury government last week, and promptly voted down—the time not having yet come, in Mr. Gladstone's opinion, for such a radical measure. The rejected bill went farther, in its concessions, than those granted to England itself, since it proposed to confer the right of legislating on private bills, which has hitherto been vested in Parliament. There is no intimation as yet that the government will do anything in the direction of local government for Ireland.

The Canadian Jesuits and other parties to whom were awarded fractions of the \$400,000 granted by the Quebec legislature by way of indemnity for confiscated estates, have as yet responded to advantage from the vote in their favor. The provincial treasury is empty, and nothing but a public loan, which it is doubtful if the lieutenant-governor would sanction, can provide the funds. Before the treasury is replenished by the natural channels, there will be opportunity for the opponents of the bill to concentrate their forces against it.

The Sunday morning inspection in the army and the navy, and the Sunday evening dress parade, are to be abolished, it is said, by a special order from the President himself as commander-in-chief of both branches of the military service. They involve so much work in the way of preparation, they consume so much time, and by their very irksomeness they so disintegrate the participating in them from attending divine service or engaging in any sort of devotional exercises, that they seriously trench upon the sanctity of the day, and the order to abolish them will be gratefully hailed by the majority of rank and file and by Christian citizens generally. All that is needed in the way of inspection and parade can be done as well on Saturday or any other day as on Sunday. Indeed, the present custom is an abuse, the practice in former years having been one of entire relief from this species of military imposition.

There is increasing apprehension of trouble and bloodshed when the grand rush is made by the Oklahoma "boomers" on the noon of the 22d inst. for lands in the coveted district. The whole tract contains but from ten to fifteen thousand homesteads, and there are ten times that number of persons encamped on the border, ready with dead horses for the desperate scramble. One party from Indiana have a balloon, with which they expect to distance all competitors and drop down on the spot which they may select from their lofty vantage-ground. It is to be remembered that many of these "boomers" have already staked their claims and been driven out by United States soldiers. They will naturally make a rush for the lands on which they previously squatted, and it will not be fortunate for any one to get to their claims before they do. It is estimated that some 90,000 persons will be disappointed—if so many survive.

The pace of industrial progress in the South is almost incredibly rapid to one looking at the figures. During the first three months of the present year the number of new enterprises, organized or projected, was 1,076. It is true that this number falls below that of the corresponding months of last year by nearly 200, but in respect of capital the aggregate for the first quarter of year 1889 greatly exceeds that of 1888—\$58,227,000 against \$38,968,000. We have not space to specify the various industries, but it may be news to some of our readers that the State of Georgia alone has fifty-five cotton mills, and that the city of Augusta contains thirteen cotton manufacturing plants, representing \$5,500,000 worth of capital. Our Northern factories cannot help feeling the growing competition of these younger enterprises which are nearer the sources of product than they. The *Manufacturers' Record* expresses the opinion that the coming year will be the greatest thus far in the industrial history of the South—a prediction which we sincerely hope will come true.

There died in France last week one whose years overlapped a century, and who at the extraordinary age of nearly 103, carried on his scientific experiments and attended the meetings of the Academy with powers that showed but little waning—M. Michel Eugène Chevreul. His was a life which measured from the very beginning of trustworthy investigation in his chosen field. The wonderful modern discoveries in organic and inorganic chemistry—discoveries so rapid of late that even experts can scarcely keep up with them—were nearly all made within the period of his career, and his own diligence and skill had something to do with finding out some of the most useful of them. His long connection with the famous Gobelins tapestry works afforded him the opportunity for profound study both in colors and in animal oils. The use of glycerine, so important and general in medicine, in explosives and in innumerable artistic and manufacturing processes, was made practicable by his experiments. In investigating the nature of fats, "by a process of analysis for which there were practically no precedents, he

had to invent the names by which their component parts are known, such as stearine, margarine, paraffine, oleic acid, butyric acid," etc. The various colors, with their multifarious adaptations, whether used in dyeing wools or in decorating children's picture-books, owe their exceeding multiplication and durability largely to his skill. His publications were very numerous, and his valuable services in the domain of practical science received wide recognition. That his years were so prolonged, was due in great measure to his diligence and abstinence—especially as regards the use of tobacco and alcoholic liquor. He has left an enduring name.

After a good deal of jarring the arrangements for the Washington centennial in New York are practically completed. The celebration will begin on the 29th with an imposing naval display, in which some 500 ships of various sorts, including tugs, yachts, steamboats, mae-of-war, etc., will take part, all under the direction of Admiral Porter. The flotilla will be reviewed by President Harrison, with his Cabinet and invited guests, who will afterwards be pulled ashore in a barge manned by ship-masters and enjoy a lunch and reception. The centennial ball will be given in the evening in the Metropolitan Opera House. On the 30th, the exercises will open with services of prayer in the various churches. The President will follow the example of his great first in office by attending St. Paul's Church. Afterwards, on the south front of the sub-treasury building, the very spot where Gen. Washington took the oath of office, prayer will be offered by Dr. Storrs, a poem by Whittier will be read, an oration will be pronounced by Chauncey M. Depew, the President will deliver an address, and the benediction will be pronounced by Archbishop Corrigan. Then will follow the great parade, which will start from the corner of Wall St. on Broadway, the forces of the thirteen original States being given the post of honor in the order in which they ratified the Constitution, and those of the other States following in the order of their admission into the Union. Gen. John M. Schofield will be in command, and it is expected that the largest body of soldiery will be in line since the great review at the close of the war. The third and last day (May 1), will be occupied with an industrial parade. There is every indication that the occasion will be the grandest of all the centennial celebrations which began thirteen years ago, if not the grandest thus far in the history of the Republic.

### A Reply to "Manhattan."

THE correspondent of your paper from New York, "Manhattan," has looked through the wrong end of the telescope in his criticism on Philadelphia Methodism. It must be New York Methodism that he has seen that "is dead and well laid out," for the late Rev. Dr. Curry, D. D., within ten years stated in a public meeting in Philadelphia that "Methodism in New York was dying of the dry rot." Why? We have more Methodists in Philadelphia than in New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City combined. Our Missionary and Church Extension and other collections; our Home for the Aged and Infirm; our just completed Orphanage, and our new Hospital buildings, tell what kind of Methodists they are.

I am confident that my friend, Dr. Hulburd, will not be misled by "Manhattan." He well knows that he is not invited to Philadelphia to "raise the dead." Don't let "Manhattan" beguile you, Doctor! You are not expected to work miracles here. We have a very live body here, and in it a big heart, and we shall open it at once to Dr. Hulburd; but don't think, Doctor, that in doing so we have asked you to come into "the morgue." You'll be mistaken. Ah, what a cheerful fireside you'll find, and what a host you'll have around you! Why, Doctor, you will never know how lonely you were in New York until you get among "our crowd" here. Poor "Manhattan!" he doesn't know one end of the telescope from the other, and he got hold of the wrong end this time.

W. SWINDELL.

Ingratitude is a base and odious sin, hateful to God and man, and often more harmful to the sinner than to his victim. In the fable the eagle, warned to life by the husbandman, killed one of his benefactor's children; but, in return for the evil deed, the man at once killed the eagle. So it is always. The curse of ingratitude returns to blast the guilty party.

### NOT YOURS, BUT YOU.

2 COR. 12: 14.  
BY REV. J. W. JOHNSTON, D. D.

THE difference between "you" and "yours" is very clear and easily understood. "Yours" is simply the material things of which you are possessed; "you" is the essential character that constitutes personality. "Yours" may be a house, a farm, a business, wealth of any sort; "you" is the manhood, the womanhood, the qualities of disposition and endowment. "Yours" may be as the glove that covers the hand, something that was purchased or given; "you" is the hand warm with blood and life, ready for work and usefulness. "Yours" belongs to you, but is not a part of you—it can be done without; it is simply a material adjunct, and at best is only a temporary arrangement. But "you" is that divine spiritual constitution, which in itself is the very essence of being.

Now the idea that St. Paul expresses here is just this: I am seeking, not the material things that you may happen to possess, not the gold, or the silver, or the farm, or the merchandise, but the things of far greater moment than these ever can be. I want your soul, your heart, your affections, your sympathies. I want your soul, with all its higher and diviner qualities. I want your spiritual life, with all its faculties and functions; not "yours," but "you," is the burden of my desire.

And here is the great difference between the claims of the world and those of the Gos-

pel. The world wants "yours," and cares nothing at all about "you." Take business, for example: From beginning to end it is yours, not you. All the appeals that are made to us for our trade and patronage are on this principle. Advertisements are put in the papers, circulars are sent to our homes, every possible effort is made, not to get you, but yours. Merchants and dealers use the trading public just as a woman uses a spoon of cotton, and when the thread is all gone, throws the empty bobbin away. The whole struggle of business is about "yours." What does the average employer care about his help? Very little. His chief desire is to get out of them all he can, and give them as little as he can; and they return his affection in kind by taking out of him all they can, and giving the least possible service in return. "I want yours," Capital shouts to Labor; "I want yours," Labor shouts back to Capital.

What does the average business man care about his customers? Very little. All he wants of them is that they buy his goods and pay for them. In trade it is not a question of character, but of credit; it is not the worth of the man, but how much the man is worth; and the merchant seldom inquires into the life and habits of his customers so long as they pay up promptly and meet their obligations. And in all this there is no reflection upon business. We are only looking at the principle upon which it is based.

The same rule prevails in society. People visit each other, they exchange hospitalities and courtesies, not because of what they are to each other, but because of what each other possesses. Houses, pictures, carriages, jewels, have far more to do with social intercourse than wit, or manners, or accomplishments. And, though there are some exceptions, yet when your mail is filled with invitations and your evenings pre-empted for weeks in advance, it is "yours," and not "you," to which respect is being paid. You were not in such demand ten years ago, when perhaps there was more of you and less of yours; but as "yours" increased, "you" became popular. And you will find that this rule works both ways. Just let "yours" decrease, and though "you" increase, yet houses that once flung wide their doors are now shut against you. Don't deceive yourself. A bad ship in business, one or two misfortunes, and you will discover that all along society has only wanted "yours," and cared absolutely nothing about "you."

And what are all the amusements held out to us in one form and another but a further illustration of the same principle? "Music hath charms," we are told, "to soothe the savage breast;" but the savage breast has to find the half-dollar to pay for being soothed. The theatre promises rest and amusement to our weary hearts, but our weary hearts must interview the man at the box-office some little time in advance. Health from the hills, cooling breezes from the sea, are held out as inducements to the traveler, but we must walk up to the captain's office and settle before we can get a peep at the hills, or a sniff from the sea. And everything is on the same basis. The whole world of pleasure is seeking "yours," and nothing else.

Now don't let these things make you cynical or discontented. Don't blame the man of business for wanting to make a little profit out of you. That is how he lives. Don't blame society for insisting upon an even exchange. That is how society maintains itself. To give less than a Roland for an Oliver would be unfair. Don't blame the whole world of amusements because you have to pay for them. The man who plays the fiddle, and the other man who plays Hamlet, do these things for a livelihood. "Yours" is what they are all after. "You" may be anybody or nobody—you may be a mean man or a generous man, you may be a great soul or a little soul, in fact you may be anything or everything you please—the world doesn't care what you are, it wants "yours," not "you."

But now the Gospel takes the very opposite course, and from first to last has declared itself as only wanting you. It puts no price upon anything in its gift; it makes no charge for any part of its provisions; it asks absolutely nothing at the hands of men; it makes no demand in the shape of material recompense; and it comes to the world as free from taint of interest or selfish motive as the sunlight that streams through the quivering sky.

We are told sometimes that money can buy everything. But this is not so. It can't buy the Gospel, nor the pardoning grace of God, nor a pure heart. It can't buy strength to overcome sin, power to live a holy life, help for times of temptation, comfort in loneliness and trouble, victory in the hour and article of death. It can buy carpets, but it can't buy character. It can buy horses, but it can't buy honor. It can buy pictures, but it can't buy happiness. It can buy pictures, but it can't buy holiness; and the haughty millionaire of this life may be a hopeless pauper in the life to come. In all the ages of the past the principle of the text has been rigidly maintained. The Gospel never asks for "yours," but invariably for "you." And the reasons for all this are very simple:—

1. "You," not "yours," have been redeemed. Our redemption has been purchased, not with corruptible things such as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. It was for you, not yours, that Christ died. These material things that we consider of so much value have no place in the atonement. They bore no more relation to the plan of God than the cabins and shanties occupied by the Southern slaves had in the thought of Lincoln when he signed the proclamation of emancipation. The first convert of the Christian faith was a penitent thief, who could offer nothing but a dying cry for pardon; and from then until now the redemption of the soul has been the one great purpose of the Gospel.

2. It is "you," not "yours," which makes your life of any value. Other things have

their place, and they are useful. Money is good. Farms and merchandise are good; but then we are to remember that all these material things are of temporary value. Who was ever heard in Rome asking to see the chisels and mallets with which Michael Angelo carved his immortal statue of Moses, or to see the paint pots and brushes with which he frescoed the Sistine chapel? The chisels and the mallets were useful, undoubtedly, and so were the paint pots and brushes, and any painter's shop or artist's store could supply an abundance of such things; but neither the Vatican nor the Quirinal can supply the genius to use them as Angelo used them. And it was only because he used them that they had any value whatever. It is exactly so with "yours." "Yours" may be as the scaffolding, and as such may be useful; "yours" may be as a tool-chest, and as such may serve a good purpose; but "you" are as the temple lifting itself into the skies of God, as the stone carved under a Divine hand; and while "yours" will perish in the using, "you" are taking on higher and nobler qualities day after day.

3. It is "you," and not "yours," which is eternal. "Yours" is the seen, the material framework, the husk, the shell, the wrapping of life; "you" is that quality which has in it the eternities of God. "Yours" will burn, will be ground into powder, will dissolve and pass away; but "you" is that spiritual life upon which matter has no power, which lives unhurt amid the fall of worlds, and which will see the heavens folded up as a vesture. "Yours" falls into the garbled and twisted arms of decay, and is crushed into utter nothingness; but "you," touched with the hand of God and filled with the breath of God, have an existence coequal with His. "Yours" is that upon which the eyes rest, that the fingers touch, a mere passing thing of sense; but "you" have ranges of sight and possibilities of being to which our present life is but as a dewdrop to the sea. "Yours" is that which is left behind, like the rube that in the wilderness, which the settler has used for a little while and passed on; "you" are the joyous pilgrim who has completed his wanderings, and is now at home forever with God.

And so the world may have "yours" if it will—what of it? A few years at most will take it from your hands, and it will matter little who has it then. But, thank God! He seeks not "yours," but "you," and in seeking "you" He seeks everything worth seeking.

### EASTER.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

Ring out, O bells, to greet the day  
Which drives the clouds of gloom away;  
Let all your sweet-toned voices tell,  
The Lord is risen, and all is well!  
Charm all our care and grief away,  
Ring out to greet the Easter day!

O hearts, rejoice! put by your fears,  
Forget the Lenten fast and tears;  
Look not upon the cruel cross,  
Remember not the doubt and loss;  
The Passion week has passed away,  
Now hail with joy the Easter day!

Sing anthems glad, and strong, and sweet,  
Bring fragrant blossoms fair and meet;  
Deck all the altars for His sake,  
And for the future, courage take;  
Put all your doubts and fears away,  
And gladly keep the Easter day!

Speed on, O years! bring loss or gain,  
Bring joy or grief, bring ease or pain,  
But bring at last the glorious hour,  
When death shall lose its transient power,  
When all the stones shall roll away,  
And God's dear dead keep Easter day!

### THE DAY OF BATTLE.

BY REV. A. E. WINSHIP.

THE size of the vote for constitutional prohibition in Massachusetts will depend largely upon the leadership and adjustment of forces on April 22. Good generalship then will mean 30,000 extra votes. Organization must be complete, courage good, the work persistent from fifteen minutes before the polls open until they close. A single vote may determine the issue, and that vote may be won the last minute before the polls open or close.

There should be a young man (No. 1) in charge of an alphabetical list of those of whose vote you are sure and of whom you are hopeful. This man must be keen, quick with his pencil, accurate, gentlemanly and able to resist the temptation to talk. He should manifest no interest in how men vote; his business is to know who have voted. He should be paid for his services, as otherwise he might tire of it just when he is most needed.

At 12 or 1 o'clock there should be placed on duty a man (No. 2) of wide acquaintance and great executive ability, with one or more teams at his disposal. The drivers should be reliable men, familiar with the streets and men of the town or ward. This man should have at least two messengers—lads of fifteen or eighteen—to run of errands, and he should remain near No. 1, that he may be accessible at any minute. His duty is to watch the list kept by No. 1, and send for any whom he thinks need attention. Those who are known to be invalids should be sent for in the forenoon when they are strong, and before carriages are needed for others.

Another man (No. 3) a cool-headed, hold-your-tongue, heroic, energetic, unswerving style of man, in whom all factions have confidence, should be in command of all the forces except Nos. 1 and 2. He should see that there is no weak spot, that the right man is in every place and that he attends to business. He should have absolute authority.

There should be two men and two women, selected with discretion, to distribute ballots. They should be courteous, genial, active, courageous. One man should stand outside the building; one woman just inside; the other

man some five or eight feet from the ballot-box, and the other woman as near as is allowable. The man nearest the ballot-box should be an expert who is paid for his day's work, and who will see that every man has a vote tendered him in the right way after he starts for the ballot-box.

Certain rules are worthy of notice: Have very little argument at the polls. Take great care that the right man "labors" with a doubtful man. On no condition should the friends of temperance talk loud, accuse men of hypocrisy, make threats, prophesy a great victory, or anticipate defeat.

Remember that you cannot make any headway with a genuine friend of the saloon; that our friends who early favored the enemy will not vote at all unless nagged or challenged to it by our indiscretion; that our hope is in a full vote and a friendly feeling; that any argument at the polls with a temperance man who opposes us will inevitably hurt our cause; that it will do no harm, if you can keep quiet, to let the pronounced liquor men talk as loud and fiercely as they please; that women can do much good by serving refreshments; that the American flag is the best adornment for the hall; that evergreen and flowers will brighten and harmonize the polling-place; that the family altar should consecrate the service of the day to God and humanity at the polls.

### ELEANORE'S MITE-BOX.

An Easter Story.

BY ALICE M. HOUSE.

"He rose! He rose! He rose!" rang out the Newtown bells.

First one rang it, then another and another caught it up, till all up and down the scale, louder and louder, rang out the Easter joy.

"He rose! He rose!" echoed the chiming from the belfry of the old Southside church.

And when they had echoed it and echoed it again, and when the last note of the last familiar chime had died away, were not the very flowers repeating, "He rose!" as truly as the bells?

Any Southsider would have told you at a glance that the dingy old church had burst from a tomb-like gloom into a very Easter glory. Bright yellow daffodils shone in the sunshine, while fair white lilies waved their tall heads to nodding palms that raised their stately forms in the pulpit and organ loft. At the left of the chancel railing rose a mass of passion flowers that had followed the lines of a cross, and just above this cross hung a crown of resurrection lilies and a golden sceptre of crocuses—the emblems of a risen Lord. About these again, arching the pulpit, were the words, in fading flowers: "I am the resurrection and the life."

It was the same message, then, rung by the bells, or told by the flowers, or carried again by the voice of the soloist.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," sang Eleanore Burt that Easter morning. She had caught the glad note from the bells and the flowers, and her song floats joyfully upward.

There is a hush as her last note dies away that is broken by the minister's voice, but his text seems to fall as a knell to Eleanore's spirits that had risen with her song.

"Now, if we be dead with Christ," he is repeating again, "we believe we shall also live with Him."

"Why talk of death this joyous day?" you faint would ask. Nay," Mr. Montfort continues, "I think all lasting life must come through death. We sing of a risen Lord. Do we forget that if we are to reign with the risen Lord we must die with a crucified Saviour? We must die, perhaps, to our dearest wish and our fondest ambition; yet for every crucified sin there will be a risen virtue, and for every buried self there will be a Christ-like rising."

Eleanore would have chosen a far different sermon, but she listened on to the end. Just as it was finished, a bright ray of sunshine fell on the cross, and she thought of the old legend of the passion-flower. Yes, she could trace them all—the nails, the spear, the thorny crown—and the flower had borne these marks of death, and bearing them had blossomed into life and beauty.

"He rose! He rose!" ran the refrain of the closing anthem. The bells might ring it, the flowers might echo it, but Eleanore wondered now as she sang it what part she had with the risen Lord.

"If we be dead with Christ, we believe we shall also live with Him," repeated Eleanore to herself, as she walked slowly home from the Easter missionary meeting a few days after.

"Yes, that shall be my text, and you, my little mite-box, must be my burial-box. Every penny will cost me something. If pennies and nickels were all I would have to pay! So you, you dear old mite-box, you have helped me settle it," and Eleanore gave the mite-box a caressing shake.

The empty box made no reply, and Eleanore walked on in silence. Could she have been thinking of a day when the little box might groan with its very weight?

But the silence of the box was soon to be broken in upon, for starting to her room, after tea that evening, with a headache, Eleanore passed her father on the stairs.

"By the way, Eleanore," he said, "I have invited young Roberts from the store to spend this evening with us. You must make it pleasant for him, for I want him to like the church."

"I can't sacrifice myself," Eleanore began as soon as she had reached her room; but her eyes fell on her little mite-box, and she stopped. Smothering an impatient sigh, she said, "I am to go down at the price of my ease, and I value it highly; but I sacrifice it to you, you exacting mite-box," and taking a shining piece of silver from her purse, she dropped it to the bottom.

Somehow Tom Roberts left his employer's

with a different step that evening. "I'll tell you what, John," he said, speaking to his room-mate of Eleanore not long after, "I've about made up my mind to live so that if ever I find one like her, I'll be some one to ask for her."

And who knows but that Tom's after rising might have been traced to that first little burial in the mite-box?

"How quiet Eleanore Burt has grown," Eleanore overheard her friend, Arthur Widden, say on his way home from a social club meeting some time after.

"I hadn't seen it," replied his companion.

"And Arthur would not have seen it," Eleanore said to herself, "if he had not chosen Mrs. Turner as a topic to discuss with me, when he knew very well I never could conceal my dislike for her. Thanks, Arthur, but if 'speech is silver,' I must bury in my mite-box the piece I came so near spending on poor Mrs. Turner."

"Must I give it up?" asked Eleanore long months afterward. The voice has lost its confident ring, and the mirror reflects a worn, begone face that in turn reflects a hard struggle that is going on within—a struggle, too, whose outcome is doubtful, for the invitation lying open on the dresser is tempting enough, and the temper has come as an angel of light, and the lesson of refusing what makes only "my brother to offend" is often the hardest to learn.

"It will kill me to do it," she said half aloud, when something in the words themselves seemed to arrest her, for she hesitated and added slowly: "But if we be dead with Christ, we believe we shall also live with Him." It was only the text she had been trying these months to learn, and she repeated it as if she had not quite mastered it yet; but she was folding the note as she did so, and was pushing it back into its envelope. Then picking up her purse, she reached mechanically for the little mite-box.

"There, take it," she said; "and I wish it were gold, to show how much it costs me," and the silver piece dropped with a thud on the rest that lay buried in the box.

There were pieces that stood for silver trinkets, there were tempting bonbons, and nameless things that cost many a pang, all sacrificed to the little mite. There were unuttered wishes that fell into that little mite-box. It had indeed become a burial-box.

"Hallelujah, He is risen!"  
Death for aye hath lost his sting;  
Christ Himself the resurrection,  
From the grave His own will bring."

It was a triumphant song, coming from the heart of the singer, and rising with a glad, unwavering swell.

"Wonderful voice—that of your soloist," said the visiting clergyman to Mr. Montfort that next Easter morning.

"Yes?" said Mr. Montfort musingly.

"A rising soloist?" inquires the clergyman again.

"She is risen," said Mr. Montfort reverently.

But only the little mite-box could have told him of her burial. It could have told him of a day when it was opened, and lo! from every sin had risen its Christ-like virtue. If Eleanore had gone down into the little burial-box she could indeed sing of an Easter rising.

### THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

BY REV. W. R. CLARK, D. D.

*Sion's City, crimsoned with the blood of the martyr Haddock, has at last succumbed to law and order, and its last saloon has been banished. Hear it, all perdition! Not a liquor saloon dare lift its head; not a rum-seller dare show his colors; not a rum politician dare peep where Haddock fell! Hear it, midnight cabals all over the land, set on fire of hell, in the interest of rum, plotting against free speech and the ballot! Hear it, you venomous snakes, crawling in the dark with your shot guns, your incendiary torches, your arsenic and dynamite! You have trampled on freedom's shrine, and insulted your country's flag, and by order of a public sentiment growing hotter and hotter every day, you are now summoned to judgment!*

Do you say, "The Old Bay State cannot do what Iowa has done?" Concede it never, until Plymouth Rock is washed away and Bunker Hill is sunk to the level of the ocean! Her thirty-six years' struggle for prohibition has not been for naught. She has learned how to profit by defeat. She started the birth-throes of a nation, by organizing victory out of defeat, and she is not made of stuff to succumb to any diabolical force of her homes and altars.

Our whole country is in peril—is shaken by a moral earthquake. This is no false alarm. Our statesmen see it; the secular press feels it; the late Washington Conference was burdened almost to breaking with it. In such a solemn hour the country turns again, as in the old anti-slavery storm, to see what is the attitude of the Old Bay State—the fountain-head of her liberties, that fired the shot which went round the world, which sent her troops at the tap of the drum to rescue a beleaguered capital; which struck the first staggering blow to the slaveholders' rebellion; and where more than on any other spot of American soil have germinated and grown the ideas of empire. Massachusetts cannot be neutral—non-action were treason. Her best citizens feel this, in every nerve. And this moment the whole nation is looking to the Old Bay State, the historic impersonation of moral powers, radiant with the courage of great convictions, to see it step out solid on independent lines into the brotherhood of prohibitory States. Now for a bayonet charge against the bullying invader from our industrial and social life, and our homes and shrines.

Constitutional amendment first, statutory prohibition next, city and town officers next who will enforce the law; and next, such a backing of public sentiment as they have a right to claim of their constituents, and the work is done—done, never to be undone.



## Miscellaneous.

## CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE.

WE are still dedicating churches in Chicago. On a recent Sunday morning the Methodists of Kensington, a suburb of Chicago, assembled for the first time in their new house of worship, and thus sealed the successful labors of their pastor, Rev. A. E. Craig, and of his immediate predecessor, Rev. Chas. Horswell. The edifice is not very pretentious, but in its simplicity it partakes of the character of the people for whom it was built. It is a frame building, 65x33, with basement, and cost about \$7,200, which amount is covered by good subscriptions. When the "environment" of Kensington is considered, it must be admitted that this is a brilliant achievement for the people and their pastors. This is the only Protestant English-speaking church in a community of 6,000. Dr. H. B. Ridgway, president of Garrett Biblical Institute, preached in the morning, and Dr. N. H. Axtell, presiding elder of Joliet District, preached in the evening. It was a gala day for Kensington Methodists, and a mighty stimulus to the work at that point.

On the same Sunday morning the new Sacramento Avenue Church was dedicated. Bishop Newman preached a powerful sermon in the morning, Dr. H. W. Bolton, of First Church, preached in the afternoon, and Dr. H. B. Ridgway in the evening. The building is beautifully constructed of brick, with stone trimmings, and is finished in hard wood. The windows are of stained glass, which gives a very pleasing effect. The building of the new church has proved a heavy burden for this noble people. Clark Street, as the First Church is sometimes called, came to the rescue with a gift of the lots, valued at \$4,000. The building as completed cost \$27,000, of which \$8,000 remained to be raised on the day of dedication. The total amount subscribed at that time was \$4,200, which left a balance which will be easily carried by the church. The dedicatory exercises partook somewhat of the nature of a week of jubilee, with services each night, and preaching by Rev. Drs. Fawcett, Mandeville, Axtell, Caldwell, and Kimball. Rev. E. C. Arnold is the indefatigable pastor of this energetic people.

Grant Goodrich has passed away. This may not mean much to the world at large, but it is a significant fact in the history of Chicago Methodism. Judge Goodrich was one of the oldest, best-known, and most prominent citizens of Chicago. He was one of the early settlers, coming to Chicago in 1834 when there was hardly an indication of Chicago's future greatness. He was an enterprising and successful lawyer, and was at one time one of the judges of the Superior Court. He was a man of sterling integrity, as proved by his conduct after the great financial crash of 1837 which found him with large liabilities. He never asked for, nor received, any compromise, sought the shelter of no bankrupt law, but devoted nearly seventeen years to the extinguishment of these liabilities, and paid them all, principal and interest. The great fire of 1871 left him a poor man. He entered again into active practice, but five years of unremitting toil undermined his nervous system and he was compelled to retire.

Judge Goodrich was one of the founders of Northwestern University, at Evanston, and the university owes its present prosperity largely to his personal contributions, constant labors, watchful care and judicious management of financial matters. Then it was almost wholly through his efforts that Mrs. Eliza Garrett was induced to endow the Garrett Biblical Institute, of Evanston, which for over a quarter of a century has been doing heroic work for Methodism in the West. With others he prevented the sale of the lot owned by the First Church, which is now the business center of the city, and helped to obtain a special charter for the erection thereon of a building for business as well as for church purposes, from which rents have been received, \$300,000 of which has gone to the founding of other churches throughout the city. Judge Goodrich had been a member of our church for fifty-seven years, and in all that time proved himself one of her most loyal sons. At his death he was a member of the board of trustees of Northwestern University, and president of the board of trustees of Garrett Biblical Institute. Memorial services were held in the First Church last Sunday morning, at which Rev. Dr. Trusdell presided, and addresses were made by Rev. Drs. Hitchcock, Edwards, Hatfield, and Bolton. The church, can ill afford to lose such men who have borne the burden and heat of the day.

The interests of the Wesley Hospital are attracting the attention of Chicago Methodists in a manner that brings encouragement to the hearts of the projectors. A strong start has already been made. A suitable building has been secured, a staff of competent physicians is at work, and there are more applications from patients than can be accommodated. The ladies of Chicago Methodism have taken hold of the matter, and that is a sure indication of success. It will not be long before Chicago will boast of a Methodist hospital which will be as great an honor to Chicago as Mr. Sney's princely gift is to Brooklyn.

Mr. D. L. Moody is at work in Chicago again. The Christian Convention of which he is the moving spirit opened, the other day, at the Chicago Avenue Church, better known as "Moody's Church." The convention is similar in character to the one held at Northfield. Mr. Moody lectures on the fundamental doctrines every day, and is assisted by prominent Christian workers from abroad. The afternoon and evening are devoted to practical Christian work. The convention will continue for one or two months as the work and interest seem to demand.

Rev. S. F. Jones, D. D., of Evanston, has been granted a six-months' leave of absence, which he will spend in travel abroad. Dr. Jones has been suffering from nervous trouble and insomnia for some months past, and has been driven to this vacation by sheer necessity. The church at Evanston is sorry to have him away for so long a period, but looks forward with pleasure to his return for another year after his long vacation is ended.

Rev. M. S. Terry, D. D., has gone abroad with a company of Chicago gentlemen for a trip through Europe. He will be gone until the end of the summer. Bishop Ninde addressed the students of Garrett Biblical Institute this week on the condition of the missions in Europe and India. It is nearly five years since he resigned from the presidency of Garrett and became a bishop, and this was his

first appearance in public before an Evanston audience since his elevation to the episcopacy. A large assemblage crowded the chapel to listen to the voice once so familiar. His address was very interesting, and was concluded with a strong exhortation in behalf of India. Bishop Ninde will return to Evanston in May, to be present at the graduation of his son, Edward S. Ninde, from Garrett.

## NOT SEPARATION, NOR THE SUPREMACY OF CATHOLICISM.

BY REV. A. BURNS, D. D., LL. D.

**MANHATTAN.** In his letter on the Irish question in Zion's Herald of April 3, would have its readers believe that those advocating Home Rule desire the separation of Ireland from England, and the supremacy of Roman Catholicism. These are the cards that the privileged class in Britain are playing to create hostility to the measure. There may be Irishmen—doubtless there are—who, outraged by prolonged misgovernment, and a succession of enactments that seem to have been made for the express purpose of irritating and exasperating even to violence and crime, give vent to their indignation in terms not over loyal. But it should be remembered that, during the leadership of Gladstone and Parnell, not an ounce of dynamite has been used, nor an outrage perpetrated, against the government. The reason is obvious. These great leaders, always the advocates of law as well as equity, have created and nourished in the hearts of my countrymen the hope that their wrongs would be redressed by constitutional means; and thus, although exasperated far beyond the limit of American endurance, they have held themselves wisely in check. At a recent brutal eviction, some one asked the poor wretches why they submitted. "Sir, we don't want to embarrass Parnell and Gladstone," was the prompt response.

Home rulers do not ask for the separation of Ireland from England. Gladstone's bill did not ask as much power for the Irish parliament as the celebrated Grattan parliament possessed. Few of those who so diphantly and so violently denounce Home Rule have ever read the bill. I have not yet met an opponent who had taken the trouble to do so. Home Rule—the Home Rule asked by Gladstone and Parnell—no more separates Ireland from England than American home rule separates Massachusetts from the United States. Mr. Gladstone's bill, presented in one of the grandest, if not indeed the most eloquent, speech ever heard in Westminster Hall, asked for local self-government, but with marked exceptions and restrictions. The exceptions, numbering thirteen, are contained in the third clause, and should satisfy the most exacting loyalist. Imperial rights are protected in the fullest possible manner, and Ireland's position as an integral portion of the empire of which Great Britain is the head, could not be defined more definitely.

The restrictions, numbering seven, are in clause four, and prevent the Irish parliament from special legislation on religion or education. The first and second prohibit "the establishment or endowment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or imposing any disability or conferring any privilege on account of religious belief." The third and fourth protect education. In fact, the two objections that are paraded with such persistence—namely, that Home Rule means separation, and would be only another name for "Rome Rule"—were as fully guarded against as if that had been the sole object of the bill. Is it not time that opponents of the measure should make themselves acquainted with the subject before denying to others what they demand for themselves? The land laws and special legislation imposed on Ireland would not be tolerated by Americans one week.

Secular bitterness is kept alive by the privileged class, who see that if Ireland were once united, she would shake off the horrid incubus without much ceremony. Hence they keep the fires of bigotry burning, assuring Protestants that Home Rule would be the downfall of religious liberty and the end of Protestant ascendancy. But these tricks are being detected, and Protestant Home Rule associations are found all through Ireland, even in the faculty of Trinity College, Dublin. The Protestant Home Rule demonstration held in Dublin last year had an overflow meeting, and crowded two halls. It consisted of representative Protestant gentlemen, both lay and clerical, from the cities and towns of Ireland, and was most enthusiastic in its advocacy of the measure. The meeting in Belfast was equally so.

"Manhattan" pictures the entire Protestant Church as opposed to "Parnell & Co." I cannot reconcile his statement with the published fact that, in a country with less than half the population of the United States, 3,730 dissenting ministers protested recently against Britain's treatment of Ireland, and that 1,200 Quakers sent a similar protest. A circular was sent recently to 1,000 representative members of the Wesleyan Church, asking their opinion of Britain's conduct towards Ireland. Sixty-nine (69) per cent. promptly condemned it. A large number of those who refused to sign the protest declared themselves of the same mind, but thought that church members should not meddle with politics. The last issue of the *Methodist Times* of England has the following about Parnell: "How patient, how dignified, how self-restrained Mr. Parnell has been amidst this ceaseless torrent of infamous falsehoods! Surely he has already had his merited reward when he stood in the witness box yesterday morning, and the hapless, crushed attorney-general did not even dare to ask him a single question. He will have a yet greater reward in the confidence of the British as well as of the Irish people. It is now quite plain that he has rendered us and his own race an imperishable service by turning, at the peril of his life as well as his reputation, a dangerous and reckless revolt into a legitimate and constitutional movement. All his suffering is not too great a price to pay for the good-will and mutual confidence and national prosperity which will grow out of it."

I trust I have not exhausted the patience of your readers, but I think that the above facts are sufficient to show that the present movement for Home Rule implies neither separation from England nor subjection to Rome. These are nothing but the hoarse, harsh, husky old war-cries that were piled for all they were worth when the Irish Church was disestablished in 1869. They did not defeat

that righteous measure, and I trust and hope that they will be equally powerless, as they are equally offensive and discordant, in the present conflict.

Through months of gloom and days of bitter cold, The buds of promise waited to unfold In meadow, wood, and field; And now the warm sun and the gentle rain Have found their secret and have waked again The life that lay concealed.

We watch the wondrous mystery year on year, We see the new, sweet life from sleep appear, Our hearts are glad and still; For hush and tree and flower one anthem sing— They worship Him who over Death is king, And th' y His word fulfill.

And flower and tree the living type remain Of Him who gave His life to rise again— 'Tis His the Easter day, Our hearts are glad and still. Through all the days The sweet truth of the resurrection stays— The stone is rolled away.

—Journal of Education.

## THE SYMBOLISM OF THE PALM OF EASTER.

BY REV. M. A. RAND

AMONG trees the palm is one of the royal family. Such a straight-going, erect, stately trunk—a shaft that does not show the interruption of a single branch, where departure might mean deformity; a head that is a full, symmetrical crown of graceful leaves. To the Oriental mind, so quick to catch resemblances and so impassioned in the way of stating them, the palm tree must have been rich in symbolism, loaded with its rhetorical uses, even as the date-clusters droop with their pulpy fullness. Every reader of the Bible will easily recall a simile in one of the Psalms; and be impressed by its fitness: "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree." That upright shaft, that crown of beauty, that useful shade and beneficent fruitage, are their own interpreter of the aptness of the figure. We come now to our Saviour's day. There is to be a procession into Israel's capital that shall honor Israel's king. Borne in the hand, a spray of green from what tree or shrub will be most fitting as a symbol?

To my mind the one great thought associated with the palm is that of completeness. It satisfies the eye; it is beautiful. But how useful it is! It is beneficent in its shade, a companion of the heat and a shelter against it. Where it rises above the soil, below is water, that great need of a hot land. The Hebrew found food on its palm tree, and a helpmeet in supplying many wants of his domestic life. Here is a fullness of service. The palm tree suggests completeness, the full measure of achievement. It becomes, then, the natural symbol of triumph; and when the multitude waved branches of palm, to any previous fitness in its symbolism there is the added merit of picturesqueness of motion. It is St. John among the Evangelists whose more sensitive, poetic imagination appreciated all this, and has told us that the multitude took branches of palm trees and welcomed the Saviour.

## GENERAL METHODIST ITEMS.

—Bishop Thoburn has been elected a fellow of All Souls University, India.

—The opening of the Wesley Memorial Chapel, at Epworth, is fixed for the first week in September.

—Rev. Dr. Swindells becomes superintendent of the Philadelphia Methodist Hospital.

—Mrs. Minnie H. Corey, widow of Rev. Abel M. Corey, of the Central Ohio Home, has assumed the management of the Orphan's Home in Delaware, Ohio.

—Mr. Elijah Hald, President Harrison's private secretary, has joined Foundry M. E. Church, in Washington.

—The directors of the Methodist Hospital, Portland, Oregon, have secured a five-acre tract of land adjoining the city.

—The date of the Italy Conference has been postponed to May 2, and the place changed to Milan.

—At the meeting of the Australian Conference, held last month in Sidney, it was officially reported that there were 1,437 church members in Samoa, 274 in Fiji, 749 in the Friendly Islands, and 384 in New Britain.

—The audiences at the meetings connected with the West London Mission continue as great as ever, sometimes hundreds being turned from the doors at the principal gatherings in St. James' Hall.

—An appeal is about to be made to wealthy Methodist laymen to assist in raising £16,000 for church extension in London, a similar sum, understood to be a legacy left by the late Sir William Mordaunt, being contingent on that amount being forthcoming.

—A jubilee meeting was held March 6 by the congregations of all the Methodist Episcopal churches of Cleveland, Ohio. Over 10,000 souls had been converted in that city since Jan. 1.

—The venerable Dr. Herr, of Cincinnati Conference, celebrated his 83rd birthday, March 9; and Rev. Dr. Samuel Wakefield, of Pittsburgh Conference, observed March 6 as his 90th birthday.

—Rev. Dr. J. A. Lippincott, now chancellor of the University of Kansas, has been invited to the pastorate of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Topeka, and will be appointed to that charge by Bishop Doan. The First Church has over one thousand members.

—Gen. Cyrus Bussey, the new assistant secretary of the Interior, is a son of the late Rev. Amos Bussey, a devoted and successful member of the Indiana Conference.

—Bishop Walden has returned from his official journey to Mexico and the Southwest. He traveled about 9,000 miles, and returns in good health. Mrs. Walden and Miss Bessie Walden accompanied the Bishop to the South, and went on a visit in Utah, and so did not come back with the Bishop.

—The revival services at the Miles Park M. E. Church, Cleveland, are still progressing. One hundred and sixty-six persons have professed conversion since the revival commenced, 132 of whom have united with the church. This makes 157 accessions to the membership since the Annual Conference last September.

—The Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church have issued an address, endorsing the proposition that the 30th of April be observed by religious services, held to commemorate the centennial of the inauguration of George Washington. The Bishops regard the occasion as worthy of profound awe, and as a command to the consideration of all the ministers and laymen of the church.

—Judge Grant Goodrich, for 30 years a member of Clark Street M. E. Church, Chicago, died March 15. Judge Goodrich has all this time occupied a prominent place in the church and community. He was always a trustee of Garrett Biblical Institute, and was instrumental to a great degree in getting Mrs. G. to make the donation which founded that institution.

—At the fourth quarterly conference of the Swedish M. E. Church, New York city, the reports showed that there has been remarkable success during the twenty-three months that Rev. B. O. Olson has served this church. He has received 120 members in full connection, so that although a large number have been dismissed by letter, the membership, including probationers, is more than doubled during this time.

The trustees' reports showed that money has been paid as follows: O. principal, \$14,000; for interest, \$1,563.75; for improvements, \$1,000; and repairs, \$800.07; reliableness, \$1,661, making a total of \$18,233.82. Adding to this \$2,871.94 paid for current and other

expenses, makes a grand total of \$21,105.76, being an average of nearly \$1,000 for each month during the time Pastor Olson has served this church.

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

BY EVERETT O. PIERCE.

OUR Discipline requires that our Sunday-schools be organized into missionary societies; but to a large extent this requisition is ignored, and many of our schools have neither missionary organization nor stated missionary exercises. Often missionary collections have been looked upon with disparagement, because it has been felt that what money goes in this way is so much subtracted from local expenses. In securing satisfactory missionary collections there has been no embarrassment to our pastors so great as lack of interest on the part of our membership. Poverty and the competition of other causes taken together are not nearly so much in the way of an advance to the two-million dollar line as lack of interest and intelligence. The helplessness to a cause of money contributed is something, but if the money is given heartily and intelligently, the contribution will not be less helpful, while there will also come with it a blessing to the giver and a tendency to increased liberality.

Sunday-schools, properly organized into societies with missionary exercises once a month, will not only enlarge immediate contributions, but will in a few years make the wide-reaching influence of missions so generally accepted that objectors will be in a helpless and hopeless minority.

Sufficient time may easily be given to the exercises of a missionary society without seriously infringing on the work of the school, by adding ten minutes the first Sunday of each month to the time usually given to general exercises at the opening or closing of the school. If such time is faithfully used, and the exercises well chosen, the teachers and pupils of the school will, in two or three years, have a good knowledge of the missionary work of our church, and will contribute to the cause with increasing liberality. Furthermore, if a school becomes warmly interested, members of the congregation not members of the school will be influenced to contribute something to the Sunday-school society, and this will seldom, if ever, be done at the expense of the general missionary collection. Indeed, the raising of money for local expenses and for every benevolence of our church will be made more easy by the establishment of Sunday-school societies. A wave that reaches remote shores touches all intermediate points in its passage.

Our conviction of the helplessness of these societies is not one of mere theory. We have seen all that we have affirmed prove true in their practical influence upon churches. In one instance, where such a society has been established only two or three years, not only has the general missionary collection been enlarged, but all the Conference collections have greatly advanced. In the Sunday-school where, six years ago, there were no missionary exercises and no missionary collections, there are now instructive missionary exercises accompanied by liberal collections on the first Sunday of each month. Several members of the school give \$1 a month each, and the contribution of the school for this year will be larger than the whole amount contributed by the church six years ago. To this the church will add three times as much more, making the aggregate collection of church and Sunday-school quadruple that of six years ago. Members of the congregation not members of the school have contributed liberally to the Sunday-school society, but in no instance have cut down their subscription for the regular collection. In most instances they have advanced them. Six years ago, there was only one man in the church who gave as much as \$50 for the cause of missions. Now there are six who give \$50 or more, some of them giving a good deal more than \$50. At the same time the collections for Church Extension, Conference Claimants and Southern Education Society have advanced 80 per cent. This advance in collections has not been brought about by increased financial prosperity of the givers, or by new members coming into the church. All of the large givers were in the church six years ago, and they were apparently as loyal to the church and actuated by as high Christian principle as now. The advance has been brought about by a quickened interest and intelligence induced, in large measure, by the Sunday-school Missionary Society.

A country church in Worcester County, which gave in 1883 fourteen cents a member for missions, gave \$1.94 per member in 1888, the Sunday-school giving in 1888 six times as much as the whole church in 1883. At the same time the contributions for the other important collections were advanced 80 per cent. An average of \$1.94 per member is not too much to expect throughout the Conference, especially with well-organized Sunday-school societies which draw a large proportion of their collections from persons not church members. If all the churches of the New England Conference should average \$1.94 a member, it would increase the contribution of the Conference nearly threefold.

No man with a proper sense of harmony and proportion, who likes to see things in their proper perspective, will give a very large amount to one cause and a very small amount to a cause which seems to him of nearly equal importance; and therefore we find that where the missionary cause has received the largest support, other good causes have, as a rule, prospered with it.

A study of the New England Conference Minutes reveals the following facts: (1) Thirty-eight societies, or one-sixth of the whole number of societies in the Conference, gave last year \$740, more than one-half of the missionary contributions of the Conference. (2) These societies are not all of them wealthy societies, fourteen of them being societies outside of the cities and some of them poor societies in small country towns, while none of the societies in cities are included in the number. (3) These societies gave, six years ago, \$660 less than one-half of the missionary money contributed by the Conference. (4) While the missionary contributions of these societies six years ago were relatively very large, they have advanced 83 per cent. during these years, while the other churches of the Conference have advanced only 26 per cent. (5) All of these thirty-eight societies have largely advanced in their Sunday-school contributions, and, taken together, their Sunday-schools gave last year 164 per cent. more than

six years ago, while their general church collections for missionary purposes were last year 64 per cent. more than six years ago. (6) These thirty-eight societies have advanced in the same time in their collections for Church Extension, Conference Claimants and the Southern Education Society more than 25 per cent., while the rest of the Conference has decreased in these collections 15 per cent. It is easy to find in the Conference thirty-eight more churches of approximately the same ability as the thirty-eight to which we have referred, and which will contribute an equal amount if pastor, superintendent and official members will lead off in the matter.

It is a truism to say that no Methodist can object to the observance of a disciplinary requirement. It is equally a truism to say that no Christian can object to observing our Lord's command. Let the disciplinary requirement be faithfully followed in every charge of our Conference, and it will not be very long before we shall have thirty-eight more societies giving as much to missions as the thirty-eight referred to above, and the remaining one hundred and fifty societies of the Conference will make two groups more, each of which will easily be responsible for a similar amount. Let all of our Sunday-schools be organized into missionary societies, and they will prove the white fields of our church, which will not only yield a surprisingly rich, immediate harvest, but will leave the soil richer for the fruitage of succeeding years. There can be no doubt that by observing this condition, many of our churches may easily double their missionary offerings without detriment to any other interest. There is doubt whether smaller interests can be sustained if the missionary cause is not given its proper place. If a large obligation is repudiated, there may well be apprehension lest smaller claims be dishonored.

## TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

—Melbourne, Australia, is to have a temperance hospital.

—Miss Jessie Ackerman, while at Honolulu, organized a Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union of sixty-seven members.

—The London Christian World says: "The annual liquor bill of the nation is estimated at 900 millions sterling."

—A law has been passed in Waldeck, Germany, forbidding the granting of a marriage license to a person addicted to intemperance.

—The W. C. T. U. of Australia has a "Home for Discharged Female Prisoners," a section for "Rescue" work, and has just organized a "Peace" department.

—More than \$6,000 worth of temperance literature has already been shipped to Paris for the W. C. T. U. exhibit at the World's Fair which will open on the 5th of May.

—During the forty days' campaign in New Hampshire and six W. C. T. U. unions, of the State W. C. T. U., traveled three thousand miles, giving stirring addresses nearly every day.

—The Alta, Iowa, W. C. T. U. has always employed ingenious methods for scattering temperance seed. Its latest innovation is a "Round Table" in the barber shops. A handsome cloth spread with W. C. T. U. emblems on one side, covers a table which is well supplied with temperance and religious papers.

—Two sisters, the Misses Leitch, are doing good work for missions and temperance in Great Britain. They report more than \$75,000 secured for these two philanthropies within the last two years.

—There are four men's temperance societies in Bulgaria and six W. C. T. U. unions. The Bulgarian Evangelical Society, which meets at Sofia, April 25, will devote one session to the discussion of total abstinence.

—California, with its "pure, light, home-made wine" idea, has one saloon to every ninety of its population. This proportion is exceeded by only two States in the Union. So far from wine-making being California's mainstay of material success, it has been shown that against its 1887 value of \$2,750,000, the wheat and barley products aggregated \$45,420,000, and the gold and silver mining \$94,565,000.

—The Wesleyan Conference Committee are appealing for £500 for three years to enable it to secure an organizing temperance secretary. It is being urged that the connection, like the other great religious bodies, should have its recognized Temperance Society, seeing that such a large percentage of its ministers and members are teetotalers, and seeing also that temperance effort forms such a prominent feature in the home mission work of the congregations.

—Judge Gillespie, in sentencing a prisoner recently, in the Court of General Sessions, New York city, said: "Your trouble is due to rum, and that is the cause of nine-tenths of all crimes. When we have prohibition, if we ever do, we shall have only one judge here and one district attorney, and probably only two or three assistants. These will be able to do all the work. That would be a saving to the country of \$75,000 to \$100,000 a year, and of millions of dollars to the people throughout the country, and it would make happy thousands of families who are now miserable."

## THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

THERE is only one gate by which one can enter Jerusalem from the east. It is nearly in the middle of the eastern wall, just north of the enclosure where once stood the Jewish temple. As one enters this gate one passes, on the left, a large reservoir called, by the natives, Birket Isra'el, the Pool of Israel, which has sometimes been identified with the Pool of Bethesda of John 5:2. It is an immense tank, being not less than 300 feet long, 130 wide and 80 deep, and having, therefore, a capacity of more than 28,000,000 gallons, and it seems at one time to have been much larger than it now is.

On the other (northern) side of the street from this pool is the Church of St. Anne, recently rebuilt by the French. Near it, about a year ago, were discovered the ruins of a small medieval church, and under them another pool which corresponds more nearly to Birket Isra'el in the description of the Evangelist. This pool is now shown to pilgrims as Bethesda, and good authorities maintain the correctness of the identification. Conrad Schick, an architect who for more than forty years has made the topography of Jerusalem a study, in the last number (X1, 3) of the *Journal of the German Palestine Society*, supports it.

A brief description of the pool as it appeared soon after its discovery, will show the grounds for the new view. The pool, or, more properly, cistern, is some distance below the present surface of the ground, so that the descent to and into it is not far from 45 feet. The pool itself is about 50 feet long and 13 wide. At a height of 25 or 30 feet it is covered by a stone roof supported by arches, which divide the length into five spaces. These arches, on the northern side, rest, not, as on the southern, on the native rock, but on pilasters which form part of an artificial wall. The pool must, therefore, once have been larger than it now appears. The bottom slopes toward the western end, where there is always considerable water, whose source has not yet been ascertained. Directly over the pool and under the ruins of the church above mentioned

were once five small chambers, with windows looking toward the north and probably doors toward the south. These are supposed to be the "five porches" in which lay the "impotent folk" while they waited for the water below to be troubled. If this is really Bethesda, and the water was suddenly and but for a short time troubled, it is no wonder that some of those who waited failed to reach the water in time to be healed; for a strong man could hardly make much haste down the narrow stone steps by which the pool was reached.

## THE "KEY" TO INGERSOLLISM.

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT HANKS.

BOSTON has been treated recently through the daily press to a glorification of Ingersoll from a city pulpit. Ingersoll is held up in comparison with the orthodox churches of the land very much to his advantage and to their discomfiture. We are coolly told that Ingersoll's blasphemy, which has shocked the civilized world, springs from the revolt of his extremely refined and sympathetic nature from the harshness and cruelty of orthodox beliefs.

Indeed, we are assured that "Col. Ingersoll's sympathy is the key to his character and career." We'll let us see. In 1873 a law was passed by Congress against the transmission of obscene literature through the mails. Under that law tons of the vilest literature were destroyed, and several infamous scoundrels found their way to the penitentiary. One would suppose that it would have been impossible to find a decent citizen in the country, who was also a husband and the father of innocent young girls, who was not glad of such a law. But such a man was found, and the petition that came up before the House of Representatives, asking for the repeal of that law, was headed by the tender, sympathetic Robert G. Ingersoll. The committee of the House of Representatives, May 1, 1878, sent the following report:—

"The committee on the revision of the laws, to whom was referred the petition of Robert G. Ingersoll and others, praying for the repeal or modification of sections 1,785, 3,378, 3,393, 5,389, and 2,491 of the Revised Statutes, have had the same under consideration, and have heard the petitioners at length. In the opinion of your committee the post-office law is not established to carry instruments of vice or obscene writings, indecent pictures or low books. Your committee believe that the statutes in question do not violate the Constitution of the United States and ought not to be changed. They recommend, therefore, that the prayer of the said petition be denied."

Now I should like to ask the Boston clerical champion of the petitioner for free trade in obscene literature if "sympathy is the key to his character and career" in the above interesting episode? Is it a kind of "sympathy" which deserves to be glorified in the modern pulpits?

## RELIGIOUS SUMMARY.

—There are twenty-six Christian churches in Bombay, India.

—Rev. Dr. Behrends, of Brooklyn, is to take a long rest on account of overwork.

—Major Whittle is having a successful revival campaign in Edinburgh.

—The Rothschilds have just completed a new hospital in Jerusalem.

—Recent revival services added over two hundred members to Dr. Talmage's church.

—The Salvation Army has been prohibited from carrying on its work in Berlin, Prussia.

—The Hebrew population of New York is estimated at 120,000.

—Rev. Jacob Freshman, of the Hebrew Christian Church, New York, and his devoted wife have gone to Jerusalem for combined rest and labor.

—The Bible on which President Harrison took the oath of office was the one he carried in his saddle-bag while in the army.

—Dr. Pierson estimates the money annually raised for carrying on Protestant foreign missions at about \$11,250,000.

—The twenty-eighth International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of North America will be held in Philadelphia, May 8-12.

—The Baptist Church in Hamburg, Germany, has received \$25,000 from a man who recently died in South Africa. He was baptized by Oncken fifty years ago.

—One of the most successful collectors for missions among the English Wesleyans is a handsome St. Bernard dog, who always carries a contribution-box fastened around his neck.

—At a special meeting of the Plymouth Church Society of Brooklyn, the salary of the pastor, Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, was fixed at \$8,000, to begin from October 1.

—Monsignor Leon Bouland, with the approval of Bishop Potter and of Dr. Dix, proposes to establish a service in French in Trinity Chapel on Sunday evenings in New York city.

—Just 391 persons have united with the Lanesville Baptist Church, Bowdoin Square, Boston, since it was organized; less than sixteen months ago—less than a hundred by baptism.

—The Theodore Parker Memorial Building in this city was formally transferred, recently, because of the gradual decay of the society which has owned it, to the B'nai B'rith Fraternity of Churches of Boston, a Unitarian charitable organization.

—Rev. Sam Jones has been holding services in San Francisco. His day services have had an attendance of about fifteen hundred people, his evening services have numbered about five thousand.

—Two thousand Sunday-school scholars recently marched on the streets of Lucknow, India, in a celebration. This is the most wonderful when we remember that only three decades have elapsed since the days of Havelock and the relief of Lucknow.

—Rev. Bartholomew Edwards, rector of Ashill, and the oldest clergyman in England, died recently at the age











[illegible]



## The Family.

### AN EASTER SONG.

We bore to see the summer go;  
We bore to see the autumn wind  
Beat all the golden leaves and red  
In drifting masses to and fro,  
Till not a leaf was left behind;  
We faced the winter's frown and said,  
"There comes reward for all our pain,  
For every loss there comes a gain;  
And spring, which never failed us yet,  
Out of the snow-drift and the ice  
Shall some day bring the violet."  
We bore—what could we do but bear?  
To see Youth perish in its prime,  
And Hope grow faint and Joyance grieved,  
And Dreams all vanish in thin air,  
And Beauty, at the touch of time,  
Become a memory, half believed;  
"Still we could smile, and still we said,  
"Hope, Joy, and Beauty are not dead;  
God's Angel guards them all and sees—  
Close by the grave he sits and waits—  
There comes a spring for even these."  
We bore to see dear faces pale,  
Dear voices falter, smiles grow wan,  
And life ebb like a tide from the shore,  
Till underneath the misty veil  
Our best-beloved, one by one,  
Vanished and parted silently.  
We stayed without, but still could say,  
"Grief's winter dreariness not always;  
Who sleep in Christ with Christ shall rise,  
We wait our Easter morn in tears,  
They in the smile of Paradise."  
O thought of healing, word of strength!  
O light to lead us on our way!  
O saving help and balm of ill!  
For all our dead shall dawn at length  
A slowly dawning Easter Day,  
A Resurrection calm and still.  
The little sleep will not seem long,  
The silence shall break out in song,  
The soul's eyes shall open, and then  
We who have waited patiently  
Shall live and have our own again.  
—SUEAN COOLIDGE, in Independent.

### TO REV. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

FROM REV. MARK TRAYTON, D. D.

O Hough! thou stranger friend of mine,  
The laureate's wreath should now entwine  
Thy yet unwrinkled brow;  
Age hath no compensations rare  
Of youthful sympathies to share  
The segregation age must bear—  
The "last leaf on the bough."

Vain philosophy to cast  
Away the fear, that when at last  
I must abide alone.

When one's old companions all are fled,  
When hopes once cherished all are dead,  
When youth's fair blossoms all are shed,  
What may the loss alone?

Nor vain that fear—we may not hope  
To find on life's descending slope  
That fellowship we crave;  
Youth fails to sense the wants of age,  
Nor clearly scan the tear-stained page,  
Nor the dark depths of anguish gauge  
Which gather by the grave.

My life began in shadowed scenes;  
Mine were no childhood's happy dreams,  
Or carousals, and gay days.  
I knew the sorrows of the poor,  
I saw the wolf crouched at the door,  
With tears I watched the falling store  
Which hunger barely stays.

Perhaps 'twas well to be thus thrown  
Into life's surging tide alone,  
For self to do—or die.

To battle with one's untold brand—  
Conflict and conquest, hand in hand,  
Linked to each other, ever stand,  
While doubts before them fly.

Thus through threescore of flying years,  
With groans and shouts, with smiles and tears,  
I've toiled my way to show;  
With what success we may not say—  
All that is left to that great day,  
When He the record shall survey,  
And the award bestow.

Why should I, then, the task now done,  
As slowly sinks the laborer's sun,  
Go groaning to the loom?  
"The incense," 'tis to this end  
My weary footsteps now must tend,  
His arm the staying power shall lend,  
And death in life shall bloom.

Thanks for this greeting, O my friend,  
Which from a poet's heart you send,  
To one unknown by face.

When round you evening shadows close,  
Smooth be your path, sweet your repose;  
As memory shall the past disclose,  
This deed shall find its place.

### THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

Very beautiful, is it not?—the picture of the opening springtime which we gather from our Bible, catching here a glimpse and there a glimpse as it lies reflected in the song of psalmist and prophet, and of Jesus, who had so often watched it as a boy on hills of Galilee. Doubtless He used to go out to gather early lilies, and note the green garments of the fresh young grass. Ten million million tiny strugglers on our hills and in our fields to-day are trying to show us that ours, too, is Holy Land. The flowers have begun to greet us in our walks—dumb angels, with faces all a-shine with the glad tidings that the Saviour-season hath arisen. Thank God for the resurrection which the spring months bring to us! We die to live again. We die that we may live again. Nothing is quickened save it die. Mortality is the condition of immortality. What echoes we have awakened of this truth! The opening spring prints it off on every hillside in illuminated text of leaf and flower. We find, as always with these central facts of nature, that the best and highest meaning of the truth belongs to expressing it—so completely is man a part of all, so completely is all represented in man. Our word "resurrection" seems to concentrate the history of the universe, to whisper the secret of the life of God.—W. C. Gannett.

—Dr. Irons.

Even now the dawn is breaking;  
Soon the night of time shall cease,  
And in God's own likeness waking,  
Man shall know eternal peace.

Life eternal! Heaven rejoices,  
Jesus lives, who once was dead;  
Join, O man, the deathless voices,  
Child of God, lift up thy head!

—Dr. Irons.

Astronomers tell us that the motion of the earth has not probably varied in a million years. They have no figures for expressing the age of the sun. All is wonderful except man. Endowed with a mind like Delity, endowed with a heart like the divine heart, he is doomed to a grave before his powers have reached even a partial action. Thirty-three years sweeps away all this human pageant. If this be true, there is nothing so imperishable as a divine soul. The oak tree will live a thousand years, and thus will see thirty generations of men pass away. There are oaks in England in whose shade children have played, and kings and queens have paused to rest, in the fifteen hundred years gone. The white elephants of India live a century, thus surpassing that being whom we behold endowed with reason, memory, hope, love and religion. It man has no life beyond then we perceive this

being taken away from the highest order of earth, and bestowed upon the oak of the forest, or the dumb brute of India. Reason must pass this, and must feel that man must surpass the brute world by a life on another shore. There is to be found an arena of time adequate to the lofty endowment of mind and heart which man possesses.—Rev. David Swing.

We seem to stand by the Saviour's broken sepulchre just as a man stands upon the shelving brink of the precipice from which some friendly hand has snatched him, shuddering as he thinks of the awful death that he has only just escaped. Look, and see the place where the Lord lay, and tremble—but rejoice with trembling. In the stone that yet is there, if it is, if the stone is not yet rolled away; if the grave-stones and spices yet shroud and enshroud the corpse, then let the darkness come and blot out the sun, and bid a long, long good-night to all the world's hopes of life; for existence is a feverish dream, and death shall be its ghastly, but its welcome end. "But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept."—W. Morley Punshon.

"In Adam all die." Yes! but the blessed eyes of God, as they moved over the mass of multitudinous distress, as they noted the inevitable working of this mysterious inheritance, still beheld, hidden in this very mystery, the possibility of a redemption. The laws, the conditions of social unity, which spread so far and so widely the poison of a father's sin, carry just as far and as widely the light of a father's honor, the force of a father's purity. A renewal, a reinvigoration of the lost Fatherhood might yet defeat the pressure of the old and sinister disgrace. The blood, once purged, might transmit itself from heart to heart, from life to life, and might reach, and penetrate, and quicken, and absorb, and renew. Though by one man sin had entered, and through sin, death, yet by another, who is the Man in whom all are made, grace may re-enter and recover the dying race. The transmission that makes for the corruption of all, can be turned to the needs and uses of the regeneration. This is the method of God, to convert the conditions of the curse into the very instruments of the blessing. In Adam, it is true, all would die; but, if that is so, then, in Christ, all may be made alive. If sin has by these methods abounded, grace shall by the same methods much more abound. So, in the Beloved Son, man becomes new-begotten of God.—Canon H. S. Holland.

### ONE EASTER MORN.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHERY.

MISS AGNES ASHLEIGH was in a very satisfied frame of mind. The colors of her new suit were going to blend and harmonize quite as perfectly as she thought they would when she first saw them displayed at the "Royal Bazaar," and there was apparently no reason to fear that her costume would not be one of the richest and most tasteful ones to make its appearance on the approaching Easter Sunday. At the door of the dress-maker's apartments she paused for a last emphatic injunction:

"Now be sure, Miss La Blanc, not to disappoint me; it would be hard for me to forgive it if you should!"

The French woman replied with characteristic suavity:

"Ah! I could not disappoint ma'selle for worlds!" and the Madame shrugged her shoulders and rolled her eyes in tragic disdain of the unworthy thought.

It was not strange, perhaps, that Agnes Ashleigh stood quietly regarding herself in the long mirror in her room for a moment before removing her outside garments. She made an attractive, dainty picture as she stood there. The brisk walk in the crisp air had sent a bright, warm color into her softly-rounded cheeks; a fringe of golden hair was blown about her forehead, contrasting gaily with the dark hue of her little velvet bonnet; while the handsome cloth suit bordered with fluffy fur lent a fullness to her stately figure, and standing high at the collar seemed to caress the white neck and dimpled chin.

The door opened, and her mother entered.

"Ah, Agnes," she said, "so you have been enjoying your favorite exercise of walking; I dare say you have been the entire length of the avenue."

"Oh, yes, and farther too," laughed Agnes.

"I walked all the way to Madame's, and she promises to have everything finished and sent home on Saturday. My suit is lovely; and Madame has draped it exquisitely. My bonnet is to come to-morrow, and I bought my gloves to-day, so I do not see why my outfit should not be complete by Sunday." Then she added carelessly: "I saw crocuses and hyacinths already up in Mr. Bard's fine old garden, and the Easter lilies are a sight to behold at all the florists."

"That was all. No hint, no thought of what Easter meant or what Easter was, beyond being a fitting time at which to appear in full spring attire in the house of God and at a service commemorative of the most solemn and glorious event of all sacred history. And no less suggestive either of the resurrection in nature or of the body was conveyed at sight of the springing crocuses or blossoming hyacinths. The mind, unresponsive to all spiritual influences, felt no quickening impulses either at beholding nature's sweet awakening or in thinking of the resurrection morn."

Sometimes Mrs. Ashleigh experienced a vague feeling of unrest that no special interest attached to days of particular solemnity and importance in the church calendar, in her family. She was a church member of the easy-going, fashionable type, and hoped in an easy, comfortable way that in time her daughter would unite with the church also. But things were prospering with them, so she felt content in knowing that the pew rent was promptly paid, the contribution for home and foreign missions duly remembered, and the poor not entirely forgotten. Very respectable Christians, after all, as some Christians go.

Christians? Christ-followers in very truth can they be—these mammon-servers who follow the Christ only afar off? Yet, blessed be God, that even these indifferent professors can be brought into whenever the Spirit wills to draw them; and it is better to follow sluggishly than not at all, pitious as it is that any believer can be willing to let the distance between himself and the Saviour widen, until he is "afar off."

Like many another thoughtless child of fashion, Agnes Ashleigh was really far from being altogether selfish. Her disposition was kindly and sympathetic, and down under the frosting of a worldly nature was a heart easily touched by a tale of sorrow or at sight of pain. Only a few days before, she had walked down to Crook Street to visit cook's young sister whose heart was nearly broken over the death of her sweetheart, and the poor child was truly comforted by the young lady's dear

words of sympathy and consolation. Nor was she inattentive to the sound words of scriptural counsel which from the lips of her pastor, Rev. Dr. Fairchild, sounded in her ears from Sabbath to Sabbath.

An Easter morn to make glad the heart of man. It dawned in smiling glory on all alike, the rich and the poor, the favored children of prosperity and the hard toilers for daily bread.

But in one young heart were feelings only of anger and disappointment. For at the last moment, when neither coaxing nor displeasure could avail anything, and when it was too late to place the work elsewhere, Madame La Blanc had sent an exasperating little note saying that, "Ma'selle's so lovely a suit cannot be completed this week, so very sick all the night gone has been poor Madame."

"Why not for this once in your winter suit, my love?" urged her mother; "it has been very becoming, and I do not see as it need matter so much if you wear it to-day."

But Agnes replied in disgusted tones: "Why, ma! wear my old things to church on Easter Sunday? Why, Marie Davenport, Lucia Benares and Irene St. Clare would think us insolent at once!"

She could not keep the tears back, poor foolish child, when at church time she peeped between the curtains and saw the rare beauty of the day and the throngs of people going by, some with a look of new hope on their faces, others with an expression of half-concealed satisfaction as some faultless costume was paraded for the first time. Her mother's elegant but quiet dress was on hand, and deploring her daughter's disappointment, she went with her husband to church.

After awhile the loneliness of remaining indoors when all was so charming outside, joined with her great fondness for walking, caused Agnes to form a sudden resolve.

"I'll put on my things," she soliloquized, "and have a good, long walk, going in the direction of the water, where I shall meet but few church people. The day is far too lovely to be spent entirely in moping; and leaving word that she was going for a long walk, she set forth.

Although the sun was warm, there yet lingered in the air a certain chill which made the friendly far seem warm and welcome as it whisked to and fro in the balmy breeze. The girl moved on with light, rapid footsteps, keenly alive, despite her thwarted wishes, to the bright freshness of the sweet spring morning. At length she reached a quiet, respectable street in one of the less aristocratic parts of the city, where she slackened her pace and became interested in noticing the neat garden patches before the doors. Here were crocuses in alluring abundance and showing nearly all the tints of the rainbow.

So absorbed was she in watching the pretty cups of yellow and white, striped, purple and gray, she failed to notice that she was approaching a little house before which a number of persons were gathered, until she was fairly in their midst, gazing with astonished eyes at the signs of grief depicted on the common but honest faces before her. She looked inquiringly at an old woman wrapped in an enormous cloak of camelot who bluntly addressed her in not ungentle tones, but with a strong Welsh accent:

"Oh, Miss, it do look as if it might be yours!" said a word of comfort to a poor body in the thues o' trouble! There be a poor couple only about six weeks over as 'ave los' their little b'! an' noo one dare say a word, for whoot cud one say? They be good Protestan folk belike, 'or 'twixt the nor' o' Anglan' an' the Scotch main, and our own minister will coom once the service is adoon. The little one strayet off to the river front, and fell in, and wen he wor pooled out the life had fled intirely. It's a high daze the poor mother; belike a wud fro' yoresel, Miss, brought goo a gret way wi' a heart thet's clean broke."

Agnes shrank back. How could she go into a scene like that? But a look of great pity stole into her young eyes, and just then another warm-hearted old body, broken in speech, but with a voice full of kindly entreaty, plucked urgently at her sleeve:

"Gang along, chile," she crooned; "aye, gang along! It's fur enow a wud fro' so luddy lips goo when a heart's a torn an' sore; ye've winsom' peety in ye e's. Gang! ye house, an' ye moot hush the moanin' agin' the parson cooms. Gang along, lass, there!"

The passage to the door was clear, and seized by a sudden impulse, Agnes entered. A small group was gathered in the little room, but at sight of the stately young lady all gave way until she stood by a cot whereon lay the figure of a little boy of about three years. Damp brown curls were clinging closely to a brow of snow, and long, dark lashes lay against cheeks of marble whiteness. Beside the quiet little form knelt a young woman, sobbing in that abandonment of grief which notes nothing that is passing around. Near her on a low stool with his face buried in his hands sat the father. Once in a while as the wife's sorrow broke into more choking sobs, he would raise his head and say soothingly,

"Coom now, lass, whist! Spare yersel, lass, so there!"

But the woman wept on, holding closely to while in her own a little passive hand.

Agnes went slowly to the side of the cot, and seating herself on the edge, began gently stroking the dark hair of the mother with her daintily-gloved hand. The poor creature raised a pair of tear-stained eyes and hushed her grief for a moment at sight of the sweet, gracious young presence beside her. The next moment her sobs, though a little more subdued, burst out afresh as she moaned:

"Oh, ledly, it wor' hard, it wor' hard! It's me own wee Willie, me baby lad! Oh, it wor' too hard!"

The sympathizing hand went over and over the bowed head, but not a word could Agnes speak. The solemn presence of the little lifeless child and the piteous sorrow of the parents completely choked her utterance, but the soothing touch of her light hand went tenderly on.

At length some one said the parson had come, and Agnes was about to arise when the mother raised her head again.

"Nay, nay," she said, "bide a-near me, bide a-near me; the so' han' coomforts me a bit."

A tall, gaunt man, with strongly-marked, benevolent features, entered the room and stood opposite the parents and close beside the little sleeper. In his hand were two Easter lilies, a few azalias, and one or two

rosebuds. He laid them at once on the pillow, close by the round baby face.

Without introduction of any kind, he began in a wonderfully sympathetic voice and with a dialect peculiarly his own:

"Aye, an' it's weepin' ye are, ye are, weepin' beside ye beloved dead? Well, weep on! It wor' the Christ Himself as wept when it wor' His own. He wor' lamentin', an' no one said the Marster nay. An' yet it's weepin' in the face o' wondrous mercy ye are! It wor' passin' in kind an' good o' the dear Lorrud to come on this the day o' His own raisin' and lift ye little lamb into His own safe fold."

The mother raised her heavy eyes to the speaker's face, and quick to note their expression of mute inquiry, he went on:

"Yes, ye wor' indeed passin' good o' the Saviour to take the little mite th' day! Why, be the only one o' us in the room as is safe, this wee angel, the only safe one o' us all! Ye see"—the compassionate voice still held the mother quiet—"ye see, when He came, the Lorrud Jesus, to this sufferin', sorrowin' wurrud, it wor' to save us all, and to comfort every poor child o' earrth in any trouble whate'er, an' it wor' to draw all hearturs to Himself. You can believe me, me friends, ye'll follow the dear Lorrud all the sooner and the closer for the wee one He has lifted to His arms. Now, this little one had only love, an' care, an' shelterin', but when the Lorrud o' glory came to redeem the wurrud, what did the wurrud for Him in return? It mocked, an' scoured, an' hated, an' killed, aye, it killed the Lorrud o' glory! Then for a little while, death, chill, mournful death, had possession o' our own dear Lorrud. But the third, the Easter day, the same as this—for this be Easter—He rose triumphant from the tomb, an' so some day we all shall rise also."

"Look at these flowers. How fresh an' new they be, but only a little agone they wor' mere darruk seeds ya adown in the cold harred earrth. But th' day they are resurrected, burrow into a new kingdom o' light an' life. See the pretty little human flower, your own little bud—hands cold, heartstill, eyes closed; will he wake again?"

The parents glanced quickly from the face of the child to the earnest face above him. The minister repeated with impressive earnestness:

"Will he wake again? Aye, that he will! The Saviour will give ye back your own. The Bible tells ye so, and all nature is tellin' ye so th' day. Look abroad! The great green earrth is burstin' into bloom; 'tis nature's great resurrection time. An' so the time will surely come when the trump o' the great awakenin' angel shall sound, an' if ye only serve the Lorrud and follow in His footsteps, ye shall hold your baby in your arms again. All shall rise into a bright new kingdom who love and serve the Lorrud, mind ye! All who trust a risen Saviour shall greet their own glad Easter morn; but ye be ready when the Easter o' your souls draws nigh!"

As he said the last words the minister walked very slowly towards the mother, and with a smile of hope on her poor troubled face, she arose and took his extended hand, and Agnes, seizing the moment, slipped rapidly away.

She had spoken never a word, but while silently comforting a stricken heart, into her own soul had been borne a lesson she was never to forget. She cared nothing that traces of tears were on her face as she retraced her steps, and every thought of the morning's anger and disappointment had been utterly chased from her mind.

"So this is what it means!" she said, gazing thoughtfully at the crocuses in their innocent bloom. "You are little emblems of the resurrection; little proofs that seeds lie buried, only to burst the bands of death and spring into fresh, new life. And this day! What a sacred, blessed day it should be to every one! Strange, I've always known, yet never in the least realized its solemn, glorious import." Her voice was full of regret as she added: "I wish with all my heart I had not cared about my dress this morning—how small and unimportant a matter it seems now; but I am very thankful my footsteps were drawn in just the direction they were."

It was late when Agnes reached home; dinner was waiting, and her mother met her at the door with a look of real concern. Seeing the griefed look which yet lingered on her beloved face, she inquired hastily:

"My darling child, what is it?"

"Oh, ma," Agnes replied, hardly able to restrain herself from bursting into tears, "such a lesson as I have learned about the resurrection, and Easter, and all that! I'll tell you about it as soon as I can."

After dinner, when Agnes told the story, her mother's sleeping piety awoke, and a long, earnest conversation followed. It was by no means the last time that mother and child talked long and earnestly on matters pertaining to the kingdom.

During the week Agnes visited the lowly parents, and so began a series of ministrations such as bring comfort and happiness to all so ministering.

It was only a few months later that Agnes joined herself to the great company of believers who love and trust the risen Saviour, drawn thither by the hallowed influences of that memorable Easter morn. And Dr. Fairchild, reflecting afterwards on the beautiful face upturned to his while he read the consecration service, said softly to himself: "Just as sweet and fair a flower as was ever born into the kingdom."

### ABOUT WOMEN.

The New England Press Association of Women has nearly 100 members, all employed on New England papers.

Miss Belle E. Pierson, a type setter on the Louisville (Ky.) Ledger, has been elected a member of the board of trustees of the Trade and Labor Assembly of that city.

Miss Sanger, of Indianapolis, went to Washington in President Harrison's private party, as she is his confidential stenographer and typewriter. Miss Sanger has an office in the White House next to that of Private Secretary Halford. She is the only woman who has occupied so important a position at the nation's capital.

The U. S. Court of Claims has appointed Mary F. Seymour, the president of the Union Stenographic Company, a commissioner of that court for the whole country. This action of the court settles the question that a woman can legally hold office.

Ramabai has opened her school. By the counsel of her advisory board in India, it has been established in the Back Bay district of Bombay instead of at Poona. Her reception among her own people has thus far been cordial and encouraging.

—Miss Amelia B. Edwards, LL. D., is the first woman ever invited to lecture before the Peabody Institute in Baltimore. She is to give six lectures there next December on Egyptian exploration and Graeco-Egyptian art.

—Miss Whately, second daughter of the famous Archbishop of Dublin, recently died. She was the founder and head of important English mission schools at Cairo, and spent her life in benevolent works, for which she was exceptionally gifted.

—The trustees of Mt. Holyoke Seminary have chosen Miss Mary A. Brigham, of Brooklyn, president of the college. The action was taken under the re-organization of the seminary with a new charter as a college for women. Miss Brigham has for twenty-seven years been associate principal of Prof. West's Brooklyn Heights Seminary.

—Miss Nellie Cushman is said to be the only girl mining expert in the world. About nine years ago she arrived at Tucson, Ariz., from Dodge City, Kan. She got into the habit of examining the ore as it came out of the Tucson mines, and was soon as good a judge of it as her brother, who worked in one of them. She is plucky and intelligent, and is known through out all the mining towns of Arizona.

—In 1889 some thirty young women in Berlin started an Old Maids' Club, with a provision for a fine of 1,000 marks upon every one who married. The club was a great success, but suddenly an epidemic of marriage set in, and at the annual meeting this year only one member was left, and she found herself called upon to dispose of 29,000 marks, the accumulation of the fines paid by the former members. She took the advice of the ex-members, and it was decided that half the sum should go to a hospital, and that the solitary old maid should have the rest for herself.

—The bells of Easter morning.

Sweet bells that cry aloud: "Arise!" Follow your Master to the skies; He broke the bars of every prison—Glad hearts, arise!

Clearly they ring: "He lives forever—Lift up your eyes, and have no fear; He leads—across the silent river—He brings heaven near."

They sing, they chime: "Oh, see! Remember! Sorrow itself leads up to light, As April follows on December, Or morn on night."

They clang, they clash: "Wake! wake from slumber! Joy flood thee with a fuller life; Throw vain thy past misdeeds to number; Cease now from strife."

Softly they say: "Ye have heard, And thus your weary load away; He bore your burdens, and departed To light your day."

They swell, they peal: "Oh, hark! he is bringing! He made the eyes, He made the light; True Him who formed them both for seeing To guide aright."

They rise and fall: "O love eternal, In which all human life is born, Stream down from azure skies angelical The wide earth round."

—D. H. R. GODDARD, in Congregationalist.

OLD STRANAHAN'S DOG.

STRANAHAN was a curious specimen living on the border of the Dutch settlements. He was selfish and independent. He believed in himself and his own interests, and was accustomed to maintain his rights in a summary way and with little regard to those of other people. He was a little peculiar in the claim of some matters which he claimed under the head of what he called his rights. For one thing, he persisted in keeping a savage dog, to the no little annoyance of his neighbors. It was not safe to pass his house lest the big cur should come at the traveler. What provoked the people not a little was the fact that several children had been bitten badly by the ugly brute. Some thought the dog was mad.

Under all these provocations, some of the neighbors went to reason with this surly dog-master; but he gave them quickly to understand that he could take care of his own dog, and such fanatics as themselves would best attend to their own business, and not be meddling with other people's affairs. That was a pretty sudden and square set-back, which Stranahan thought would end the matter. But the neighbors who had children to be exposed did not think so. They were of opinion that something must be done in the matter. If this old Nabal would not secure his dog, somebody else must do it. The hot-headed proposed to end the matter by shooting the dog; but the more prudent held them in check with, "Old Stranahan would shoot you."

But the people were so stirred and exasperated that something must be done; and the wise men proposed to chain the dog with a ten-foot chain. To this the owner made no special objection; he rather enjoyed the fact that he held the whole community in terror. This made all right for a little while, but when the dog got restive he pulled his neck out of the collar. The collar was made to give when pulled upon, and probably those who made it knew and designed this defect. Loose again, the dog was as bad as ever, and tried his teeth on several of the people, which roused the public anger and led them to chain the dog with a shorter chain, so that he might be secure. But this aroused the dog, and he broke loose once more with renewed evidence of madness. In his fury he bit two or three of the leading people, which brought matters to a crisis, and led them to shoot the dog as the only effectual remedy for the evil.

Old Stranahan's dog symbolizes the American saloon. It is an ugly dog, that we have tried to restrain by the long chain of license; but there is always a slide in the collar, so that the dog can get loose when he wishes. The framers of the law are sure to put in the slide. Of the madness of the dog there can be no reasonable doubt; his bite invariably makes his victims mad. We have tried the shorter chain of high license with no better results. The saloonist talks about his rights and the interference of the meddlesome public with his business; but it is about time for an outraged and wronged public to take the matter into their own hands and dispose of it by shooting the dog. The State proposes a platoon fire on the 22d of April. Let no one fail to come armed and ready to kill Stranahan's dog.

MICROSCOPIC SCREWS.

It is asserted that the smallest screws in the world are those used in the production of watches. The fourth jewel-wheel screw is the next thing to being invisible, and to the naked eye it looks like dust; with a glass, however, it is seen to be a small screw, with 260 threads to the inch, and with a very fine glass the threads may be seen quite clearly. These minute screws are 4-1,000th of an inch in diameter, and the heads are double; it is also estimated that an ordinary lady's thimble would hold 100,000 of these screws. No attempt is ever made to count them, the method pursued in determining the number being to place 100 of them on a very delicate balance, and the

number of the whole amount is determined by the weight of these. After being cut, the screws are hardened and put in frames, about 100 to the frame, heads up, this being done very rapidly by means of a touch instead of a sight, and the heads are then polished in an automatic machine, 10,000 at a time. The plate on which the polishing is performed is covered with oil and a grinding compound, and on this the machine moves them rapidly by reversing motion.—N. Y. Sun.

A FLOWER OF MUSIC FOR EASTER.

"Do you know what I would like to do, mamma," said Ethel Stanley, "if I had a little more money? I would like to put some flowers in our Sunday-school room for Easter."

"Well, dear, we cannot make offerings of what we have not got."

"No," said Ethel, smiling at the matter-of-fact reply. But she presently added, "Do you know, there doesn't seem to be anything I have got for an appropriate offering."

"Are you sure?" Then, after a moment of quiet, Mrs. Stanley asked, "Who is going to play the melodeon Easter Sunday, Ethel? Does not Miss Salder go home for vacation?"

"Oh, mamma, you know I can't do that; and Ethel met her mother's quick gaze with a face actually pale and eyes dilated with fright at the bare suggestion.

"Are you sure?" Mrs. Stanley asked. "I am sure," said Ethel, "I can't play the simple music in the hymnal?"

"No; but you know, mamma—you know how it affects me to try to play anything too difficult for me. Of course, I can play sometimes for friends, because you have insisted so about it, but to lead the music on Sunday-school—I never could."

"And if no one else offers to play, are you going to let the children sing at Easter without the mel







